

WORKERS ON CANAL HAVE BEEN TRYING

In Past Two Years Builders
Have Struck Their
Gait.

EVEN HEAVY RAINS
DO NOT INTERFERE

Nearly 60,000,000 Cubic Yards of
Earth Have Been Removed
By Americans.

Nearly 60,000,000 cubic yards of earth
have been taken out of the canal prism
since the Americans began to dig the
great waterway.

Official reports up to the close of 1908
show that the exact total of excavation
from the time the Americans took control,
May 4, 1894, to the close of 1908, was
59,757,178 cubic yards. The yearly out-
put has been steadily increasing. That
the French record of excavation has been
greatly outdistanced, goes almost
without saying.

Of the enormous yardage excavated,
all but about 2,000,000 cubic yards has
been removed in the past three years,
and all but 7,000,000 yards in the last
two years. It is only from about the
beginning of 1907 that the canal builders
have really struck their gait. Since
then the dirt has been flying in earnest.

Is Doubled.
The monthly average in 1908 was
3,048,724 cubic yards. In 1903 it was
149,535 cubic yards.

The remarkable degree to which the
work has been perfected is shown in no
small measure by the fact that the aver-
age monthly output during the entire
rainy season of 1908 was substantially
the same as the monthly average for
the whole year. This demonstrated that
heavy rains are no longer a serious ob-
stacle to the progress of the work. New
records for rainy season work have
been established in the past year.

Reports on December excavation,
which have lately come in, show a high
figure of output was reached. The ex-
cavation for the month was 3,251,573
cubic yards. It is only from December
was only 218,000 yards below the highest
record, that of March, 1908.
The building of the return dam was
begun December 24, when a suction
dredge was set at work pumping sandy
clay into the channel of the old French
canal.

Size of Dam.
From the hills on the east to those
on the west, the dam will be about a
mile and a half long and 1,200 feet wide.
The top of the dam will be 125 feet
above sea level, and the lowest level of
the water impounded in Gatun lake will
be at 85 feet.

Another suction dredge will soon be
set to work, and the two of them will
be able to deliver over 5,000,000 cubic
yards a year. The total fill to be made
is about 21,000,000 cubic yards. A great
quantity of sheet piling has arrived on
the lettings, and part of it is to be
driven down into impermeable material
clear across the valley along the axis
of the dam. This forms a water-tight
core below the bottom of the hydraulic
fill.

Excavation for the Gatun locks is
more than half completed. The work
was begun in October, 1908. Work on
the plant for handling materials, mix-
ing and placing concrete and the like,
is making rapid progress. About
2,500,000 barrels of cement will be used
in the concrete work for the locks, and
about 2,000,000 yards of concrete will be
laid.

DIAMOND JUBILEE ENDS IN CAPITAL

Vice President Speaks of Wonder-
ful Progress Made By the
Negro Race.

With prophecies of future greatness,
and praises of present efforts, made by
Vice President Charles W. Fairbanks,
the Diamond Jubilee anniversary of Afri-
can missionary work has concluded its
celebration in Washington.

In his campaign for \$300,000 to carry
on the colored missionary work in Afri-
ca, Bishop J. C. Hartzell has collected
\$250,000. Sunday he will begin his cam-
paign for funds in Syracuse, N. Y.

The Asbury M. E. Church, where the
meetings of the Diamond Jubilee cele-
bration have been held, has pledged
support for one mission station in Afri-
ca, and a delegation of Baltimore
churchmen attending the meeting last
night pledged their support for two
more. This was in addition to the \$5,000
cash raised.

The President Fairbanks, the principal
speaker last night, laid stress on the
wonderful progress made by the negro
from bondage to his present status, in
fifty years.

The other speakers were the Rev. D.
W. Hayes, Bishop Hartzell, and Dr.
W. P. Thirkfield.

QUESTIONS THE GOOD
OF TRIAL BY A JURY

House Committee Not Sure It Is
Desirable in Canal Zone

Now.

Is trial by jury a constitutional right
of American citizens living under the
American flag? And, if so, is it in all
cases desirable?

These are questions which the House
Committee is considering carefully in
connection with work on a plan of civil
government for the Panama Canal Zone.
It is almost certain that the
advantage of trial by jury will not be
tendered immediately.

At present there is in force in the
zone an Executive order under which
trial by jury in certain cases is al-
lowed. But there is doubt whether this
produces the best results. The natives
of the zone are regarded by the
committee as not being sufficiently
advanced in civilization to be able to
serve as jurors. Moreover, the em-
ployees of the government in the zone
are not permitted to have jury duty,
and there are serious objections to
this.

COMMON PROFANITY.
"I'll be a judge," said the man.
"I'll be a judge," said the man.
"I'll be a judge," said the man.
"I'll be a judge," said the man.
"I'll be a judge," said the man.
"I'll be a judge," said the man.
"I'll be a judge," said the man.
"I'll be a judge," said the man.

A FIGHT FOR PLACE

TRANSLATIONS, DRAMATIC AND ALL OTHER RIGHTS RESERVED.

By FRED V. GREENE, Jr.

Author of "The Storm Center,"

"On the Brink of the Precipice," "The Man She Saw," Etc

Synopsis of Chapters Previously Pub-
lished.

John Langdon, a bookkeeper, who is
obliged to support a wife and child on
\$18 a week, learns that the play, "The
Spider's Web," which he has written in
collaboration with his lawyer friend, Hor-
ace Fanshaw, has at last been accepted.
The manager, George Webster, is to star
in it at the Miss Bowditch, an intimate friend
of Betty Millward, Fanshaw's future
wife. Owing to an accident, however, which
occurs on the opening night, the play
is withdrawn, and in consequence of this
George Langdon's sight, which has been
failing him for some time, fails to-
gether. A specialist tells him that his
optic nerves are paralyzed, and that there
is no hope of his recovery.

Fanshaw comes upon Betty at Webster's
bachelor, where she has gone to discuss with
the manager the question of the play, and
his misunderstanding of the situation
causes an estrangement between the two
collaborators.

Weekend, the manager of a small stock
company, promises to produce the play,
but can offer no royalties. Langdon, who
has, of course, lost his position with the
firm, finds himself without further re-
sources and is obliged to accept the home
offer of his wife's mother, Mrs. David-
son. He applies for and obtains the po-
sition of assistant editor on a new maga-
zine called Berkeley's, the plan being
for him and his wife to go to the plays
and write the articles together.

Kerwick interviews a manager named
Kerwick, who is much pleased with "The
Spider's Web," but who, upon learning
that Weekend will not relinquish his rights
in the play, refuses to have anything to
do with it. Going to the stock ex-
change for the first rehearsal, the author
finds that the house is to be closed
within a week, and that consequently
their play cannot be given.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.
AN UNPLEASANT EXPERIENCE.

"Why—why—I can't under-
stand it," Fanshaw stam-
mered.

"Well, I can!" Weekend
declared with bitter sarcasm. "I un-
derstand this much—that I'll be looking
for a job a week from today."

"Why didn't you let me know of this
before?" Langdon demanded.

"Because I didn't know of it myself
till after the performance Saturday
night. I've been doing poor business
for some time, and when the boss
came around that night and checked
up for the week, he decided to close
the house."

"Do you know, Mr. Weekend, what
this means to us?" Horace asked
angrily.

"Oh, hell, I'm not interested as to
what it means to you," was the quick
reply. "I know what it means to me,
though."

He reached for the manuscript and
handed it to Fanshaw.

"Take it and get out! I don't feel
like talking now."

Fanshaw snatched the bundle from
him, just as the manager turned to
leave. He added: "I'm sorry for
you, Mr. Langdon, but I can only say
it's unfortunate."

"It is indeed," John agreed chokingly.

Then, turning toward the door, he
added: "Come Horace, we must go.
Good day, Mr. Weekend, and I thank
you for what you tried to do."

"Good-by, Mr. Langdon. I hope we
shall meet again some day."

"Thank you, and so do I," and then
he walked out with Fanshaw.

When they reached the street, Lang-
don broke out: "Now, Horace, it's all
my fault! I take the blame!"

But Fanshaw's words were far differ-
ent from what the other had ex-
pected.

"You did it, thinking it all for the
best," he said. "Who would ever have
anticipated such an ending. But why
worry about it?"

"It will certainly not help matters
any. But to be so singular that
this thing could not have been antici-
pated, or have happened a few weeks
ago. After all," Langdon added, bit-
terly, "it's only another link in the
chain of adversity that has been
welded so securely around us."

"Yes, and I wonder if we shall ever
be able to break the chains."

"I can't say," Langdon murmured
sadly.

The rest of the return trip to the
Davidson home was almost a silent one,
and when they arrived there Fanshaw
refused the invitation to come in. He
pleaded business and hurried away.

"I think I shall be forced to stick
pretty closely to the case I have on,"
he explained as he shook his friend's
hand. "It's quite a legal tangle and
will hold me down for the present. But
should anything come up, send for me
immediately."

"I will, Horace," Langdon assured
him.

Fanshaw ran lightly down the steps
and had disappeared when Helen opened
the door.

"Why, John, I did not expect you
home so soon," she exclaimed, in sur-
prise.

"Neither did I," he announced, dog-
gingly.

"Something has gone wrong," Mrs.
Langdon said, with quick suspicion.

"Take me upstairs," was her hus-
band's reply. "Then I'll explain."

She did so, and after closing the door
of their room—"John, tell me—what
is it?" she asked.

"I've got the play back from Week-
end," he answered, pulling the manu-
script from his pocket.

"But why?"

"The bad luck that is dogging my
footsteps so persistently has turned and
other-ward," he answered. "The East
End Theater closes at the end of the
week."

"The end of the week?" Mrs. Lang-
don repeated, in amazement.

"Yes, on Saturday night."

"But tell me—how did that come
about?"

Langdon repeated in a few words the
facts of the case as Weekend had told
them to him, and just as he finished
Mrs. Davidson appeared.

"I thought I heard John—" She stop-
ped suddenly, as her eyes rested upon
him, and then added, "Why, it is! Tell
me all about it!"

"There isn't much to tell," he replied,
slowly, fearing the outburst that had
followed the news of other disappoint-
ments.

"But what—"

"It's all off," John broke in, and re-
peated his story.

"Isn't it too bad?" Mrs. Davidson
exclaimed. There was real sympathy in
her tone, and both Langdon and his
wife marvelled at it. "They say we all
have our ups and downs, but it seems
to me yours are all downs."

"When the ups come they will be ap-
preciated the more," Langdon said
wearily.

"If they ever do. But if I were in
your place, I'd have given up long ago."

"There isn't much to tell," Mrs. Lang-
don declared. Turning quickly to her husband,
she added: "Have we, John?"

"Not by a darn sight!" was his forcible
reply.

There was a new play at one of Lef-
fer & Co.'s theaters that night, and by
an odd chance they had sent Langdon
first performance seats instead of sec-
ond.

As the curtain rang down on the first
act Langdon and his wife both realized
they were witnessing another poor play.
He leaned over to Helen and said
under his breath, "Can you tell me why
managers insist upon putting on a
weak, insipid, impossible plays like
this?"

"Particularly when 'The Spider's
Web' and its authors are eagerly
searching for a producer?" Mrs. Lang-
don replied with a smile.

"Yes, that's—"

But he did not finish his words. A
light touch upon his shoulder drew his
attention and he strove to pierce the
gloom with his sightless eyes to see
who was at his side.

Helen followed the turning of his
head, and noticing an upper standing
there, queried: "What is it?"

"There's a man in the lobby who
wants to see you," the attendant re-
plied.

"I wonder who it can be," Helen
murmured, as she led her husband up
the aisle.

As they passed the doorman, a
stranger advanced toward them.

"Who are you?" he asked, angrily.
"Why—what's that to you?" Lang-
don exclaimed in surprise.

"Where did you get the tickets for
those seats you are occupying?" the
stranger went on.

"And who are you, to ask such a
question?" Langdon insisted.

"My name is Laffer—it is in my
theater and this is my play?" the
other announced. "And those seats
were sent to a magazine."

"I know it!" Langdon replied, heat-
edly. "I am the critic for that maga-
zine."

"You?" the other exclaimed, as he
gazed intently into the sightless eyes.
"Why—you're blind?"

"I know it! What of that?"

A strange light broke over the man-
ager's face.

"In your name Langdon?"

"Yes."

Helen had stood by, frightened at the
demer of the stranger, but re-
fraining from speaking, and as her
eyes followed the movement of the
man and saw him jerk a copy of
Berkeley's Magazine from his pocket
she realized what was coming.

Laffer rapped the magazine angrily.
"Did you write this article about my
new play?" he demanded.

"Yes," he said, "Helen replied.

"Well! Of all scurrilous, nasty, ven-
omous articles I have ever read, this
is the worst!" he shouted. Then, with
a quick motion he flung the book across
the lobby. "Get out of my theater,
and never enter it again!" He turned
angrily to the doorman. "Where is
Perkins?"

"I don't know, sir!" was the reply.

"Well, find him and tell him to scratch
that magazine off the second night list."

Langdon had not moved, and Laffer
faced him again and demanded,
"Must I throw you out of here?"

"I regret—" Langdon began.

"You'll regret it more than ever if
you don't leave this instant!" the man-
ager bellowed.

"We will go," Helen said quietly,
and, grasping her husband's arm, led
him from the lobby.

CHAPTER XXXIX.
UNPLEASANT NEWSPAPER NO-
TICITY.

THEY were a sad and silent couple
as they slowly made their way
home, and quaveringly entering the
house, went directly to their
room.

Helen removed her hat and coat and
then faced her husband.

"John, I don't know what to think.
Where, oh where—will this end? I
can't—"

"Dearie, what does this count for,
anyway? It was the truth that hurt,
and Laffer knows it. He'll forget all
about it by tomorrow."

"Do you really think so?" she queried,
incredulously.

"Why, of course, I do!"

"Then, John, let's say nothing of it
to mother. It would not help matters
any, and might only irritate her. Be-
sides there are no more openings this
week, so let us forget the matter en-
tirely."

"Yes, I think it is the best plan," he
returned.

"Next Monday there is an-
other opening of Laffer's—if I don't get
tickets for Tuesday I'll know he was
in earnest."

"If you could have seen his face you
would not have to wait until next week
to know whether he was in earnest or
not."

"I mean, we shall know then whether
he has forgotten the incident."

The next day passed uneventfully, and
after luncheon on the following one
Langdon suggested: "It might not be a
bad idea to work a little on next
month's article. I feel just in the
mood."

"Very well, so do I," his wife agreed.

"I am at a loss to decide how to treat
the affair of the other evening," Lang-
don pondered.

"There is one thing, you cannot criti-
cize the play very deeply—we didn't
see enough of it."

"True," Langdon smiled. "I think we
will just touch upon it, using the com-
ments of the critics on the dailies for a
basis."

Mrs. Langdon seated herself at the
typewriter, then looked up suddenly.

"Did Horace ever mention the fact
that he is a half owner of this ma-
chine?" she queried.

"No, and I had forgotten all about it,
too. I'd hate to have him ask for the
money he paid, because just at present
it's absolutely necessary to the con-
ducting of our business."

"Butter," Helen remarked.

"Shall I proceed?"

"Yes, I am ready."

Langdon dictated the words that his
wife slowly spelled out on the typewrit-
er, and they had made some progress

when his quick ear caught the tinkle
of the front door bell.

"I wonder who that can be?"

"Nobody for us, I guess, unless it is
Betty. It seems an age since she went
away, and I do certainly miss her cheery
words and ways. I look forward to
her return."

"Let me see," Langdon reflected.
"When is she expected?"

"In her last letter she said she would
surely be back by the middle of the
week."

A tap at the door, and she added, "It
may be she is here."

The maid who stood in the hall in-
formed Helen when she opened the door
that there was a gentleman in the re-
ception room who wished to see Mrs.
Langdon.

"I asked him for his card and he said
he had none," the girl added.

"And he gave no name?"

"None, ma'am."

"Very well," Mrs. Langdon turned
toward her husband. "Come, John, I
will help you."

The two slowly descended to the floor
below and found themselves face to
face with a stranger, who rose as they
entered the room.

"Is this Mr. Langdon?" he asked.

"Mr. Langdon, is it true that you are
blind?" the stranger queried, gazing di-
rectly into the man's sightless eyes.

"Unfortunately for me, I am," Lang-
don replied. "But with whom am I
speaking?"

"You say it is unfortunate for you,"
the man exclaimed angrily. "How do
you suppose it is for us?"

THE CONTINUATION OF THIS STORY WILL
BE FOUND IN TOMORROW'S
ISSUE OF THIS PAPER.

VACATION GRANTED TO "THE HONEST COP"

Veteran Inspector Takes Rest, and
Will Doubtless Be Retired
On Half Pay.

NEW YORK, Jan. 20.—Chief Inspector
Moses W. Cortright, "The honest cop,"
will begin a vacation today. Police Com-
missioner Bingham has announced, and
no man in the department believes he
will return to active duty.

He is sixty-nine years old, and has
been a policeman for forty-three years,
having been appointed to the force Jan-
uary 17, 1867. Retired, he will receive a
pension of \$2,500 a year—half pay—the
commissioner may be pleased to call it.

WANTS MONUMENT TO LINCOLN HERE

Senator Dick of Ohio has introduced
a resolution recommending the erection
in Washington of a monument to Lin-
coln. It is further recommended that
the centennial of the birth of Lincoln,
February 12, be set aside generally to
honor his memory.

"My Future Son-in-Law"

has the most refreshing mother-in-law
a man could wish—at least if you can judge by what she writes
in the February WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION. Her first advice
to her marriageable daughter is a gem of shrewdness. "Choose a
healthy one," says she. And she has other sane ideas—practical
sedatives for this valentine season—which will interest every
mother and daughter, to say nothing of prospective and practicing
husbands. In fact,

This Special Valentine Number

is filled to the covers with features for all the family. From the "heart of hearts"
cover design, by Howard Chandler Christy, to the four advertisement on the
last page, it is brimful of charming pictures, strong helpful articles, and page after
page of practical departments for women—all and more in the February

WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION

At All News-stands

WATER POWER TRUST INVADING THE EAST

Government Officials Say
Monopolization in New
England Is Planned.

The water power trust, which Presi-
dent Roosevelt, in a recent message to
Congress, declares is fast acquiring con-
trol of the great power rights on the
rivers of the country, is invading New
England.

Government officials have recently
learned that engineers representing in-
terests allied with the General Electric
Company are at work investigating all
available water power propositions with-
in 200 miles of Boston.

An effort is making to head off this
invasion of the East with the water
power, scheme which the President and
the Geological Survey believe aims at
a monopoly of the river power rights
of the country. The General Electric
Company is looking upon as the leading one of
the group of corporations which are seeking
these powers.

It is said that immense amounts have
been spent in the efforts to secure the
rights, and that the most careful study
of water legislation, State and inter-
state, has been made by skilled lawyers,
with the view to securing legal rights
before the public awakens to a realization
of the significance of the effort in hand.

The President is determined by every
means possible to prevent this monopoliz-
ation of the water rights. In his mes-
sage vetoing the James River, Mo., dam
bill, he has pointed out that it
has been brought to his attention that
a group